Dear Paul, 7/30/77

I'm glad you called this morning. It was good to talk to you. I'm sorry I worried you by forgetting to mail this envelope. As you can see it is overdue.

Partly this is because with worry about myself for about a month my head is not screwed on right all the time and partly because I did stay busy on things I had to do. Probably the best tranquiliger whether or not the best medicine.

There has been one good byproduct of the worry. I don't feel like eating and the weight is rolling off. Last time ~~weighed~~ I weighed it was more than 10 pounds. I'm sure it is more now. I just don't feel like eating.

My biggest medical problem seems to be the doctors we pay so much a year to just to prevent the kinds of things that have happened to me. Yiu remember my regular reporting of what turned out to be typical phlebitis symptoms. It was too late when I was in agony. The damage had been done. Since then it has been no better. I think I'd have been better off if I had just walked into a hospital emergency room. Some kid out of med school would probably have cared more.

Whatever has happened appears to have influenced the supply of blood to the brain-too little or too much after really very little movement. The rate of what I can do has been going down rapidly. This is why I said I'm sweating Monday out. Today I'm being inactive because of yestrray and this morning. This morning was not bad, just a warning. In 5 hours I walked out to the road and back three different times. After the third I needed air and was yawning and then for a while I felt weak. Until I learned the connection there were times I'd actually not be able to keep my eyes open over the typewriter.

This was a good day for a friendly call because something else was on my mind: a nephew's wedding. I had reconciled myself to not going more than a week ago. But I knew Lil would be uneasy about leaving me so I suggested we get a husband-sitter. A friend came and Lil's sister-in-law picked her up. She'll see her family, some she hasn't seen for a long time, besides sharing in a happy event.

More than most wedding this is a happy event. Our nephew is a good kid who got into trouble through bad company. It was serious trouble if he had done nothing serious. I was able to prevent any really bad consequences. He got no time. And he did have a long period of psychiatric consultations, apparently with a real human being who helped him put himself together. Then he met this girl and she made him bootstrap it. He went back to night school and got his high-school diploma. he got and has kept a regular job. they decided to get married once he had met her terms, like getting the diploma, stopping smoking, things like that. They they started buying furniture and other things as he could pay for them. My sister-in-law's apartment became like a storehouse. So they begin not in debt and with the minimum and hopefully with good prospects. He has a job for life if he keeps put together, as I think he now can. He'll not get rick but he'll live well. He is a strong king, about 250, who loves doing physical work. He is with the State Roads. When the weather is bad they work frightful hours but get professional pay for those periods.

So while I'm sorry I can't be there I'm glad Lil is. My husband-sitter, by the way, is a fan of Barnaby ones. She almost never misses the show.

Yourcall meant more because it was a reminder of the kind of good friend you have been. Perhaps the things you have done have been small to you but they have not been to me. The help with FOIA has been significant. & For whatever it is worth to you it will be represented in all those records that will be a permaent archive, available to all. Once when Howard got an honorarium he gave me a couple of hundred dollars to put on these costs. Aside from you and him as best I recall Jim and I have had this long and costly fight all alone. Too much of Jim's part remains unappreciated. Not only his fine work but its cost to him. Turning the FOIA corruption by the government around was a real accomplishment. One of my suits, and from his briefing, was a major part in that, if rarely mentioned and not

mentioned in a single paper when Teddy Kennedy is the one who saw to it that the record would be clear on this.

We have had few choices in recent years. Doing what conscience requires had cut me off from most people in the field. That I miss little, considering the reasons I have detached myself from most.

One of the consequences of living in the country and staying busy is that we see fewer people. When we lived in Washington we led gregarious lives. It also means that I am pretty much cut off from means of support. Of various kinds. Including college kids, some of whom would help if it were where they are.

I hope it does not come to where I have to think of moving back to the city. Not only do we both love it here but Lil has a gratifying career of her own here. But I can't drive there any more, for one thing. Unless there develops a medical need I'll still not want to go back to the city. And I'd rather not borrow trouble. But what I am saying is that it has cut us off not only from help but from the kind of people we are and have been. If there are any around here we've not met them. We have good friends but they have other interests. The local people who are interested in my work are without exception intellectuals. We've never been part of the local social whirl so meeting those who probably exist just hasn't happened.

All in all it means that we have been living more to ourselves, with fewer close friends than when we were younger, so each warm sigh of friendship assumes more meaning.

That was what your call was. I do appreciate. I'm sorry about my thoughtlessness in causing you needless worry.

Thanks,